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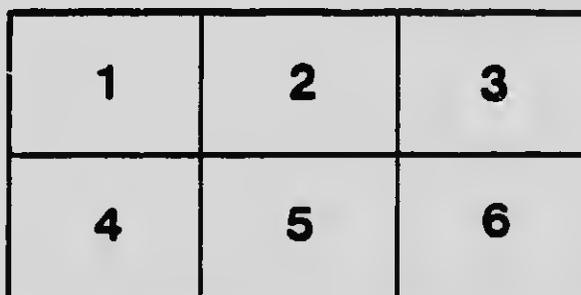
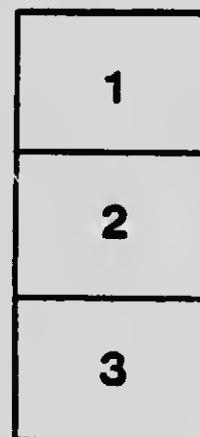
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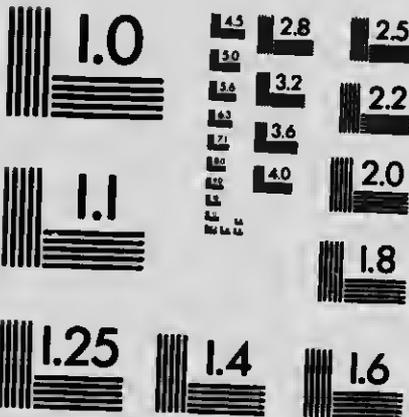
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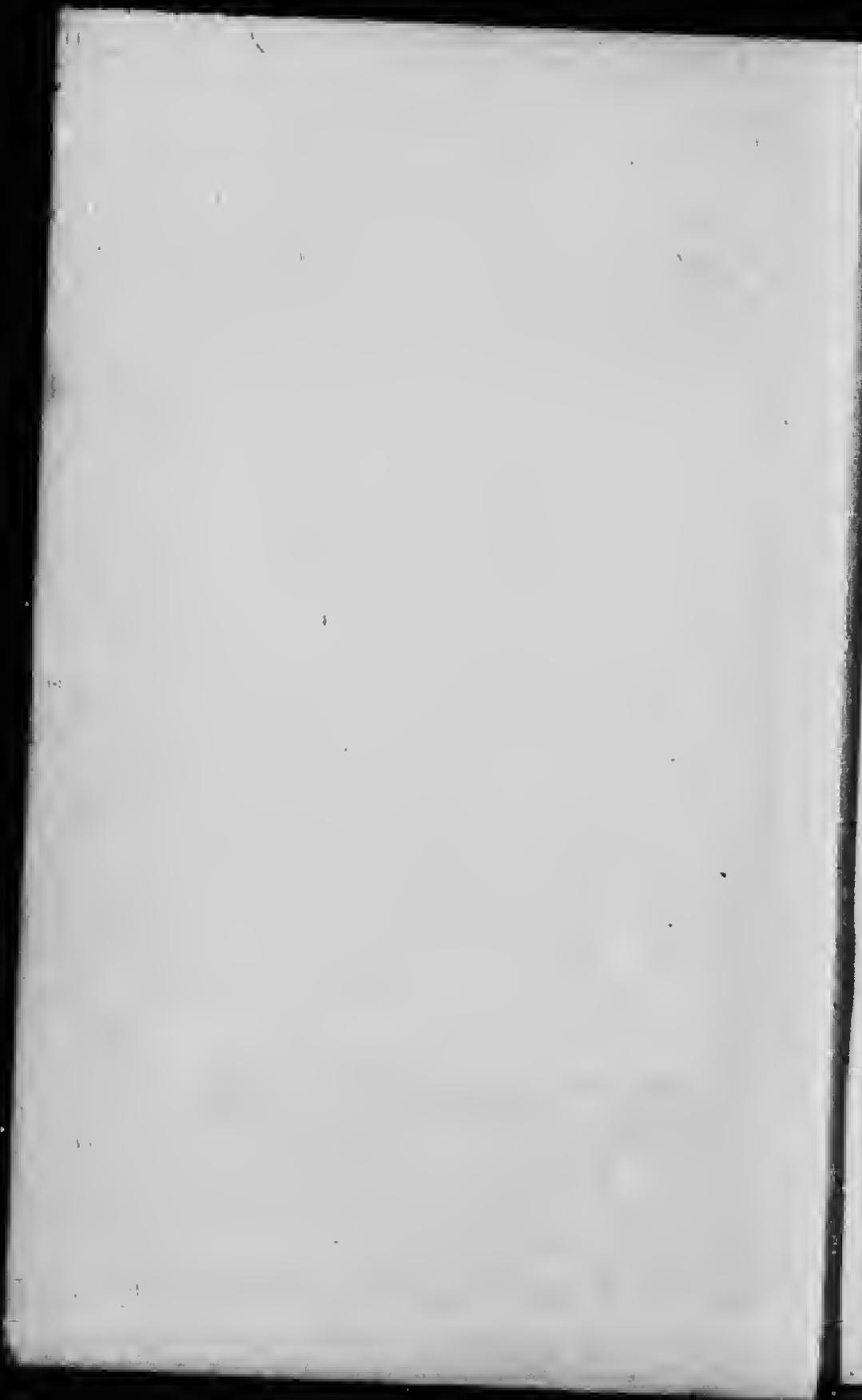
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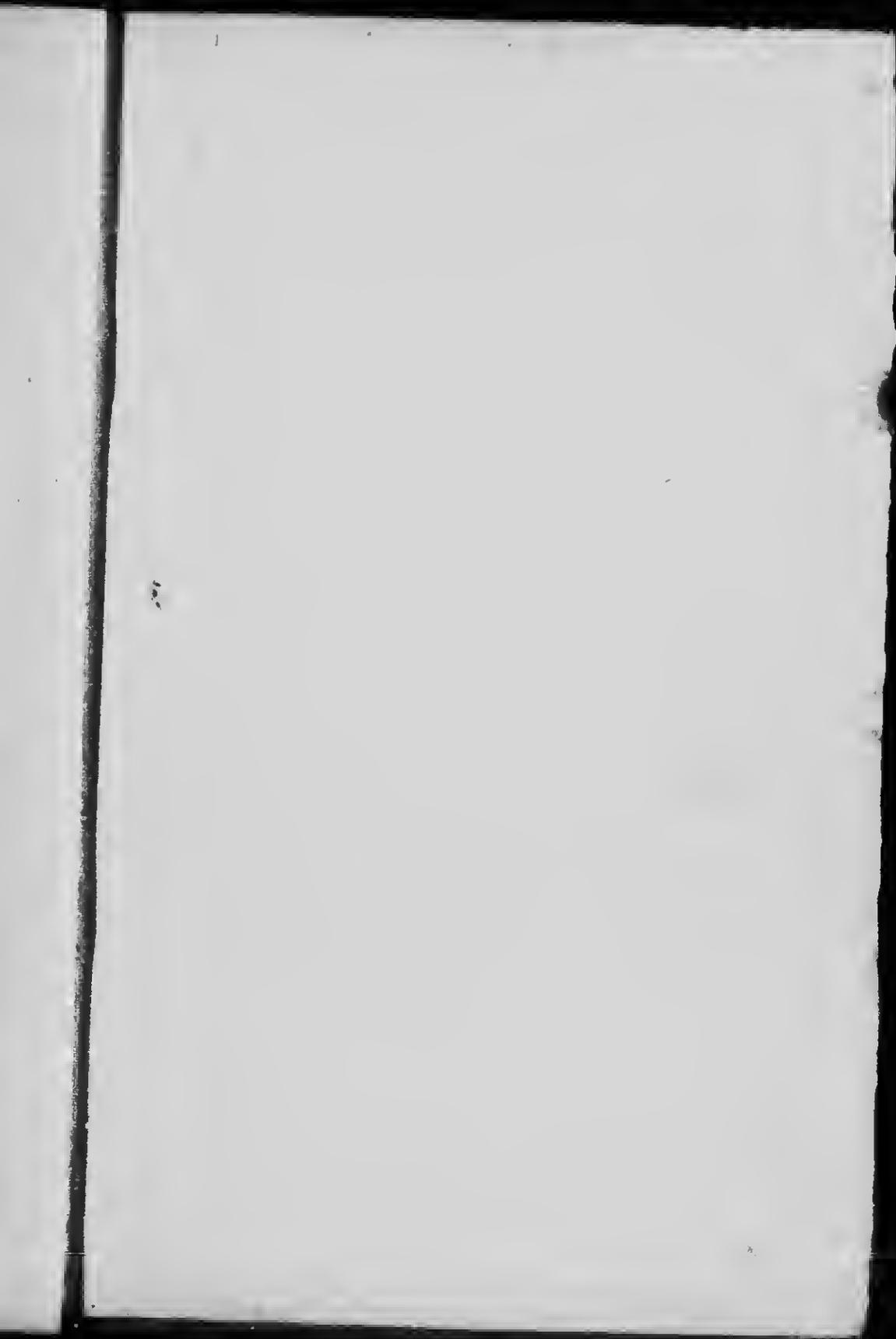
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SHUTTERS**

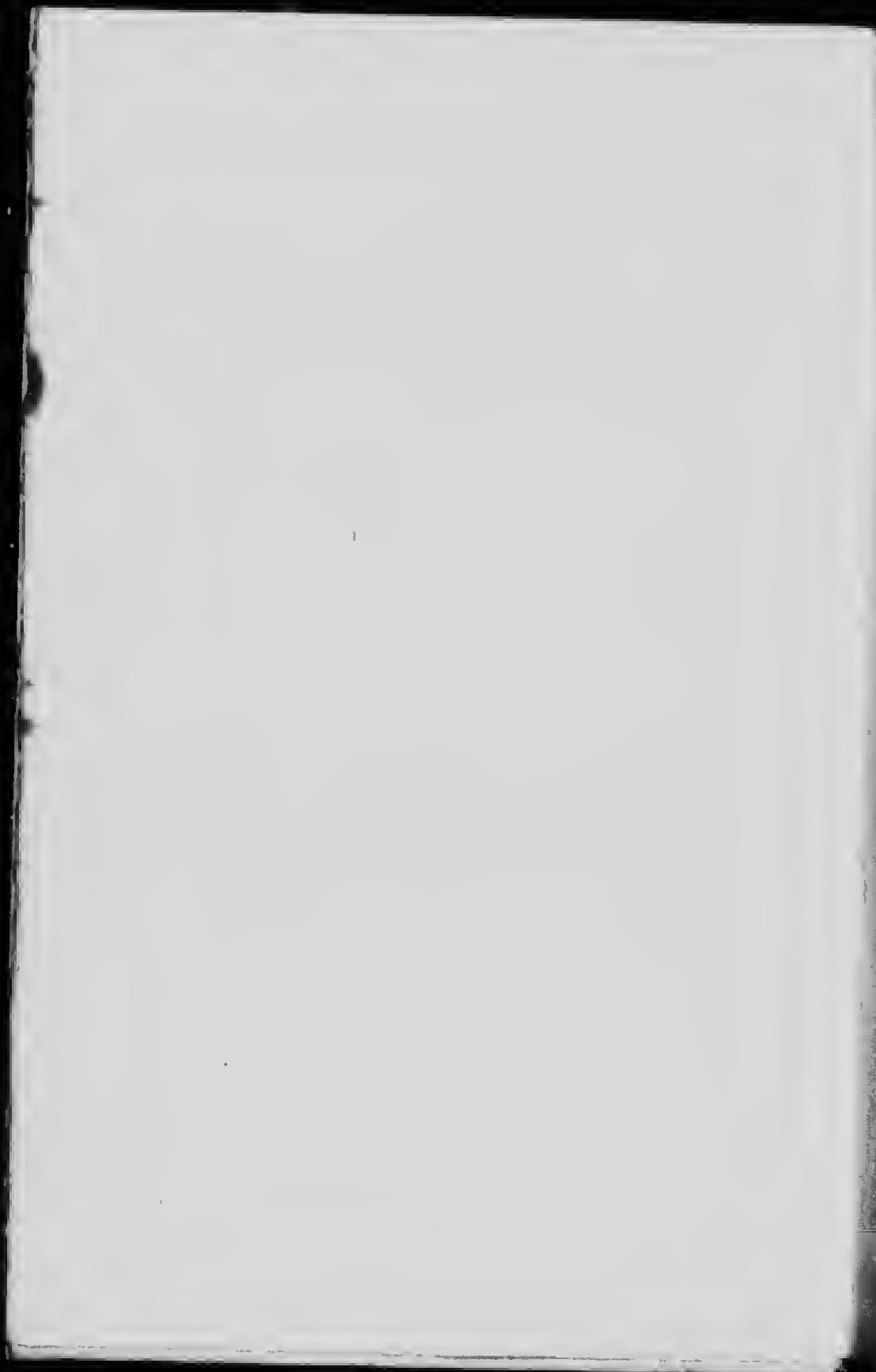


**BEATRICE
REDPATH**

U. 11







DRAWN SHUTTERS



DRAWN SHUTTERS

BY

BEATRICE REDPATH

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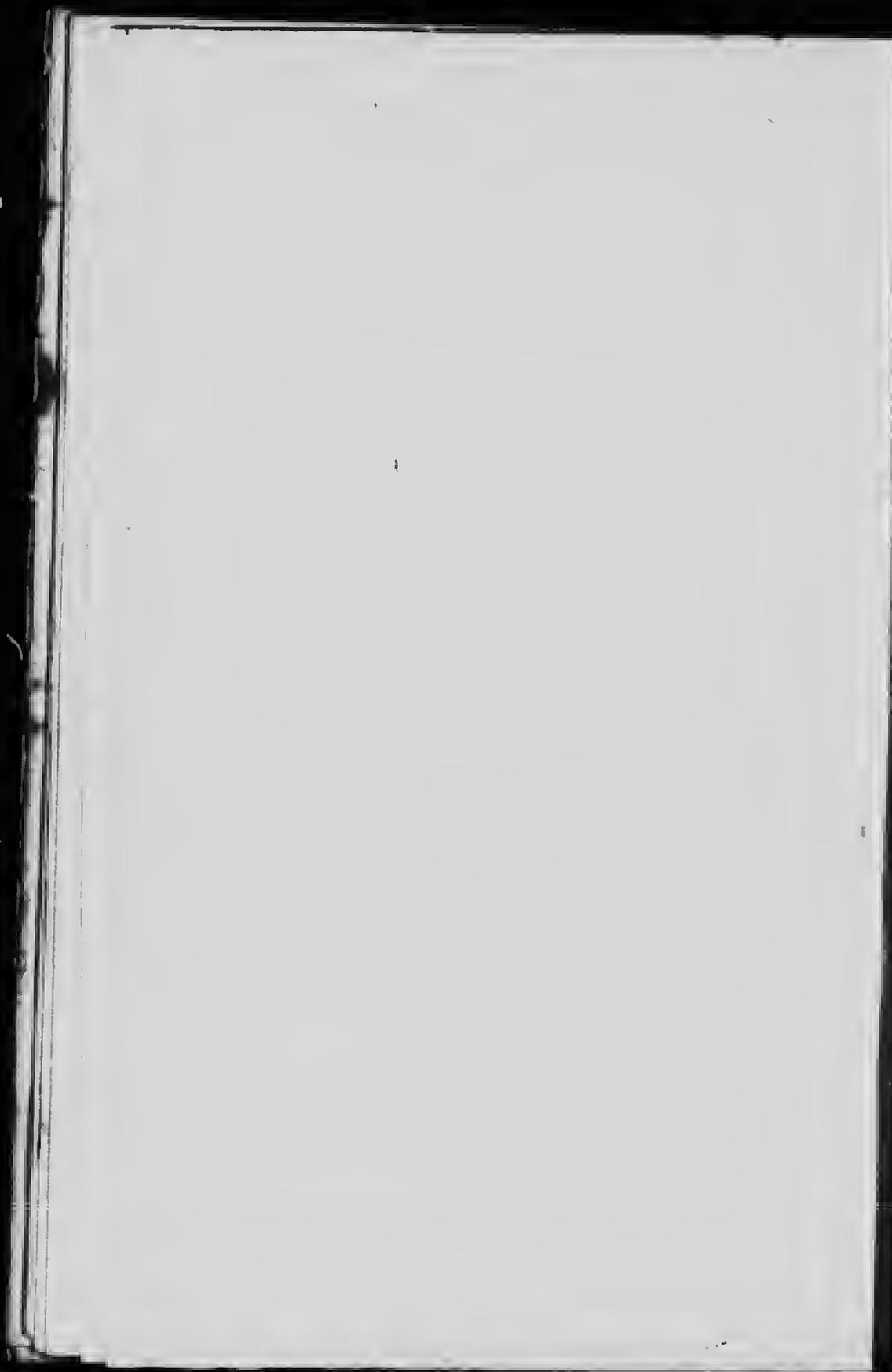




BEATRICE REDPATH
Author of "Drawn Shutters"



DRAWN SHUTTERS



DRAWN SHUTTERS

*The red geraniums on the window ledge
Blaze through the shutters drawn against the
sun*

And heat that rises from the street below.

Life in its flood sweeps steadily along,

A pageant lavish of its flare and sound.

*The high white blaze of noon beats down out-
side,*

A barrel organ jingles out its tune,

A slow procession in a long black file

Beats a dull rhythm from the paving stones.

A man with fruits to sell cries out his wares,

The swift sharp noise of many horses' feet

*Strikes steadily above the changing sounds.
The sun lies hot upon the dust gray streets,
But here behind the shutters closely drawn
Only a single bar of sunlight slips
And lies a straight bright line upon the floor.
The yellow frames shine from the cool gray
walls
And still white peonies are like wide cups
Of porcelain to hold faint perfumes in.
Here all remote from the great sweep of life
I strive to trace on thin white fluttering leaves
Some part of that which I have known and
seen :
Fragments of life, a face that tells its grief,
A hillside fiercely yellow with spring bloom,
A room where shades are drawn and hands are
stilled,*

DRAWN SHUTTERS

*Or gardens where love whispers in the leaves.
Behind the shutters drawn against the sun
I strive to trace the fragments I have seen.*

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THE DANCER

THE music broke and clung unto the air
In dizzy spirals of ascending sound,
The dancer swayed a moment standing
there . . .

Then blossoms seemed to start from out the
ground
Dancing deliciously within the sun.
A vagrant wind danced all the hillsides
down,
Bending the slender birch trees one by one,
Until each slim white image seemed to
drown
In the calm waters of a listless pool.

Some others flung their bright green veillings
wide

To bare their limbs unto the breezes cool.

The clouds' slow course became a reckless
glide,

Till flushed to colour by their wilful glee

They hid behind the stiff pine-pointed shore.

Now wheeling upward buoyantly and free

A seagull rose with pinions spread to soar,

Striking its wings against the sun's warm
heart,

That splashed them o'er with crimson as with
blood.

And there was glint where leaping waters
start

And frolic through the shadows of a wood,

Tossing upon the air bright jets of spray.

DRAWN SHUTTERS

Slowly the stars crept out above the hill,
Leaning to peer where their reflection lay
In the deep waters breathless now and still.
Then dusk came quietly with timid feet,
Bearing within her arms the veils of night . . .
The music altered to a quicker beat,
The dancer stood there swaying in the light.

DAISIES

WHITE daisies that are swept
By winds which softly blow,
They are the tears by little children wept
And now in pastures grow.

STILL LIFE

BRIGHT tiger lilies with harsh yellow leaves,
Awkward and stiff within an earthen bowl,
Protruding their thin evil tongues at me,
Splashed with dull spots that seem to stand
 out high
From the flat canvas ; ah, how I feel there
That man's full fury, trampled on by life,
Baffled in every hope he would pursue,
Rent by the discords sounding in his soul,
Angered and beaten back till he could paint
Those tiger lilies with their cruel leaves,
And their thin evil tongues protruding so.

TO ONE LYING DEAD

STRANGE that thou liest so, void of all will
For loving ; so content with thy long sleep
That neither word nor sound may stir the still
Calm quiet of the dream that thou dost keep.

Pale now the cherished contour of thy face,
Thy lids lie heavy 'gainst the ache of light,
And hold in their wan stillness ne'er a trace
Of waking from the shadow of thy night.

Languid thy tender feet unsandalled rest,
Wearied of passage o'er the furrowed earth ;
They say thou art gone forth upon thy quest
Seeking a greater fullness of rebirth.

Yet all that I have ever known of thee
Lies here. What has gone out from thee this
hour

That leaveth thee, unstirred by word from me,
Low lying, like a fallen scentless flower?

Hadst thou a soul which through the drifting
years

My earth-bound vision was too dull to see?
And didst thou know the weight of unshed
tears?

Hadst thou a spirit straining to be free?

A heart that knew regret and all desire,
And envy and that malice men call hate,
And saw with fear the slow consuming fire
Of life, and learned to be compassionate?

Then all of this was what I knew not of,
Thou wert but loveliness made manifest,
And wore the garment fashioned of my love
So fittingly that I ignored the rest.

Shall all of thee that I have ever known
Become as dust the sun shines not upon?
I did not know thy soul so strangely flown,
So may not find thee where thou now art
gone.

Then let me kneel thus worshipping and
see—

Thee whom I love, still lying as thou art,
That I may ever keep long dreams of thee
And hold thine image close within my heart.

So shall I look upon thy face so fair,
And thy sealed lids which sleep doth seem to
please,

Thy mouth's pale blossom and thy fallen hair,
Where heavy shadows lie at pleasant ease.

THE SEA

THE sea is kind, it giveth rest
To those who wearied are,
Canopied by the crimson west
And candled by a star ;
The sea is kind, it giveth rest
To those who wearied are.

THE YEARS

WITHIN old cloistered woods I hear leaves fall
As softly as a quiet summer rain,
The earth lies silent 'neath its leafy pall,
While years tread softly where dead hopes are
lain ;

Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

And some passed swiftly as a pulsing flame,
While there were those that dreamed 'neath
slumb'rous skies,
Some sped white-winged and others stumbled
lame,

Some years were as a wheeling flight of sighs ;
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

Oh, time of hidden pain, oh, time of tears,
Now would I rest, for I am weary quite ;
The years move always, slowly drifting years,
Beyond the shadow of the Infinite.
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

THE APPLE TREE

~~ITS~~ branches soar deliciously

Unto the film-clouded skies,

And past the flushed bloom sleepily

Drift tinted butterflies.

EARTH LOVE

GOD, in Thy Heaven hast Thou ever known
Toil, when the heart and hand were fused in
one,
The sweet bruised scent of grasses newly
mown,
The sharp delight to see each dawn the sun
Rising above the margent of the seas?
And hast Thou ever felt within Thy Breast
That strange delight in dim uncertainties
With every day's apparellings unguessed?
Ah, hast Thou lain with wide entranced eyes
Wrapped in the purple veilings of the night
Beneath the fretted splendour of the skies

And seen them tressed with coronal of light,
Yearning to push their silvern fringe apart
And so adventure to Eternity?
God, I have strangely felt it in my heart
Walking upon the earth to pity Thee.

THE MOTHER

So quietly lay the babe along her arm
Hard was it to believe what she had done,
But now her child should never come to harm,
And she cared little if to-morrow's sun
Should find her but a wastrel and forlorn.
How dark 'twas here, the leaves shut out the
 sky
And scarcely could she see if it was morn,
But she was glad that no bright star on high
Had pierced those leafy branches 'bove her
 head
And seen that which it were not well to see.
Now she would lay her babe in this soft bed

Of grasses where the ferns pressed heavily,
And flowers were folded close against the
ground.

How deep her slumber and how long her
sleep

Where she would never wake to any sound.

Her child would never lie awake to weep

At night-time for the evils of the day,

Nor know the awful grimness of that place

Where she had passed her childhood all away,

As though to be a child were some disgrace

And so must eat but penitential bread.

And she would never sit through weary hours

With tired fingers and with aching head,

Cutting the petals for bright cotton flowers

That so she might gain bread and toil some

more.

But he came then . . . and now her pale lips
 smiled,
And yet she grieved as she had not before
That she had stolen this joy from her child
To know how sweet and tender love may be . . .
Well she remembered how he often spoke
Of that small cottage builded pleasantly,
Amid the fields and far from noise and smoke,
Where the green days deliciously would glide,
And where winds tarried 'mid the ripened
 grain
Until it rippled as a golden tide.
And she would plant bright flowers behind
 each pane,
For children love to watch a flower unfold,
And then with trembling joy her heart would
 fill . . .

DRAWN SHUTTERS

He said their love needed no bonds to hold,
 And she had always bent unto his will. . . .
 And yet she scarcely blamed him even now,
 That he had grown so wearied of her soon,
 A man may not keep always to his vow,
 And day shall not stand ever at full noon. . . .
 But those like her should never have a child,
 And so she had to put her babe to sleep;
 It seemed to her just now those white lips
 smiled,
 How glad she was her child would never weep,
 Ah, she was thankful for what she had done.
 So often she would think of this green wood
 When she was gone, of how the shining sun
 Would fall between the leaves in yellow flood,
 Of how the flowers were sprinkled on the
 ground

As white as that small cloud up in the sky,
Here hours lapsed slowly to the stream's low
 sound,
While here on nights the moon that swung so
 high
Would weave for her lone babe a silver
 shroud. . . .
She did not know how she could leave this
 place,
And then she cried in broken prayer aloud,
And hid within her trembling hands her face.

THE CANARY

I THOUGHT he was so yellow in the sun,
All barred about by his small cage of gold,
And always as he leapt from perch to perch
His little notes bespoke a timid joy.
But all so soon I wearied of him there,
Disdaining him that he had dared no flight,
Against the wind and up into the sky,
To touch the dizzy stars with eager wing
Above the dark cloud canopies of night.
For there he hopped through hours of every day,
And if he were to fly beyond the pane
He could not ride upon the least of winds
Or ever dare the silences of sky.
And then I turned with song upon my lips,

Hearing the sudden closing of the door,
While he for tenderness said unto me,
" My little song-bird in a yellow cage."
And so I started back with widened eyes
And saw my yellow walls like bars of gold,
While the stiff flounces of my silken dress
Were yellow as the plumage of my bird.
And then I said, my voice all fallen low,
" A little song-bird in a yellow cage
Who makes no flight into the lonely sky,
To ride wide-winged against persisting wind
With will to gain unto the trembling stars."
And suddenly and all to his amaze
I opened wide the cage unto the air,
And when he would have stopped me in dismay
I said, " Let all canary birds be free,
And learn to spread their timid wings in flight."

AT TWILIGHT

I HAVE lighted the tapers each side thy head
And gathered fresh bloom for thee,
I have wept and prayed as I knelt by thy bed
And have laid thee back tenderly ;
Now my feet are still and my hands fall wide
As I sit by thy side.

Ah, why should I braid up my fallen hair
And for what should I go to the well ?
Should the dawn sky be ever so red wouldst
thou care

Or wake from thy quiet spell ?
Shall I hear not again thy feet on the floor
Nor thy hand on the door ?

REVERIE

I THINK that once thy tender feet were shod
With silken sandals, while amidst thy hair
White diamonds glimmered at thy head's slow
 nod,
And all was done for thy sweet body's care ;
But thou didst stoop to sin on some old day,
That day which only dreams may bring again,
And so thou walkest in the shadows gray
Attended only by the wind and rain.

SLEEP

UPON the hillsides every yielding fern
Droops to the touch of slow distilling sleep,
Which floats like wreathing incense from an urn
Across the hills ; the dark trees seem to creep
Closer together with a shiv'ring sigh,
Folding into the shadow their wide boughs
From which the wind has fallen silently.
The heavy-headed blossoms droop and drowse,
Closing their cool curled petals one by one.
Across the pastures heavy sleep rolls down
Where on the grass light winds are wont to run
Through all the day ; now muffling sleep doth
drown

Unto a whisper the last tinkling bell.
Only the noise of the deep breathing stream
In the wide silence louder seems to swell,
Its arms outstretched within a happy dream
Unto the sea, which like a woman's breast
Stirs with a languid, fluctuating breath.
Even the old stone wall so greenly tressed
With its imperishable ivy wreath
Clings closer to the ground on which it lies
And sleeps beneath the moon's transparent pall ;
The last pale glimmer fades from out the skies,
And sleep, compelling sleep enfoldeth all.

THE SEA SHELL

ROSE pink and with a soul
That singeth of the sea,
The sounding silver sea,
The vapour-hidden sea,
Thou fairy curvèd bowl,
Unfathomed mystery.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

I HAVE fashioned soft raiment for her to wear
And have laid her embroidered sandals in
her room,

I have said I would braid and bind her heavy
hair,

But she has gone out to the orchard to
gather bloom.

Last night she lay in the dusk with her eyes
adream,

And I questioned of what were her dreams
as I touched her hand,

But she looked at me with a smile in her eyes'
dark gleam,
What word might she use to make me
understand ?

So she spoke instead of the earth all bathed in
light,
Of the moon as a lily when the leaves unfold,
Of the trees like silver plumes to deck the
night,
Of the starry skies as a blazoned script
unrolled.

She has no praise for all she had cherished
before,
And has given away her beads of yellow gold,
Strange she seems, yet more kind than hereto-
fore,

And I marvel much at the dreams she must
withhold.

She has spoken no word about her curious
sleep,

And the light in her eyes we have vainly
essayed to read,

The secret of her dream she must hidden keep,
For her lips are framed but to an earthly
need.

She has left her sandals lying upon the floor
And all untasted her goblet of amber wine,
She has gone out to the sun beyond the door
To sit in the cool green gloom of the
hanging vine.

SHADOWS

I THINK we are as shadows meant
To rest a moment on the ground,
By gusts of passion torn and rent,
Then to pass outward without sound.

A MEMORY

PALE face 'neath shadows of dim hair
And mouth like ripe pomegranate stain,
Wouldst thou have memory or care
To dream of that still hour again?
That little hour when hopes rode high
Like slender moons across the sky.

So we a moment gladly grasped
From all eternity's swift tide,
Thy tender hands by mine held clasped,
While we sought dreams . . . that since have
died ;

In that still hour when hopes rode high
Like slender moons across the sky.

And thou wert like a yielding bough,
Whilst all my love was as a flame
Close wrapping thee ; I wonder now
If thou couldst e'en recall my name,
Or that still hour when hopes rode high
Like slender moons across the sky ?

THE SILVER SCARF

SHE wound the silver scarf close to her
throat . . .

I thought of silver moths that fleck the dusk
With the transparent shimmer of their wings,
Of stars reflected in a mountain pool,
Of moonlight dripping through thick clustered
leaves ;

I thought of the bright silver of live seas,
Of shining fantasies of ocean spray.

.

I saw her wind that scarf close to her throat
When months had taken heavy toll of love ;
I thought of myriad serpents' eyes agaze

Through the dank reeds that fringe a stagnant
pool ;

Of sword-blades gleaming o'er a field of blood,
Of diamonds shining on a harlot's breast.

THE PURSUER

I HAVE endured the trampling feet of years
And won my way through pit'less chasms dark,
Wherein did lurk all terrors and dread fears,
My mind dishevelled and my soul all stark
Of any faith, from which I e'er could wring
Salvation ; yet strained forward to attain
That which should make an end of turmoiling
And yielding forgetfulness of mortal pain.

Through sordid ways my courses have been
run,
By streets where houses grayly marshalled
stood,

Fettered in rooms all witless of the sun,
Down haggard lanes, gated with crumbling
wood ;

And yet my feet abandoned any rest,
And would pursue that which I yearned to
see,

The revelation of my earthly quest,
The unknown rapture to enfathom me.

And if beyond the turning of some way,
Across the threshold of a shuttered door
Down the worn track of old familiar day
I may not reach my goal, then 'chance, before
Mine eyes have widened wholly from the sleep
That shall encompass me with purple night,
Into my waking soul shall slowly creep
The perfect rapture of abiding Light.

GOLD HAIR

I HAVE seen swallows drifting o'er the seas,
And moonlight silvering a cloister wall,
Wide orchards blossomed white with happy
trees,
And forests where the leaves bright crimson
fall,
But never seen such beauty anywhere
As the warm flaming wonder of thy hair.

THE RETURN

UNTRODDEN is the grass before the door
Where green reeds gather whisp'ring each to
each

Of thee; and how thou shalt come here no
more

Nor thy pale hands the raining blossoms
reach;

So like a sigh the breeze now seems to be,
Or dost thou whisper softly unto me?

Where shadows closely falling seek to shade
All things that were full dear to thee and me
The echoes of my footsteps slowly fade

Like slow vibrations of a soulless sea ;
Or is it that thy feet do follow mine,
And echoes sounding are the beat of thine ?

So soft, so slow the summer rains descend
Upon the flow'ring spaces of the ground,
Where now the languid Lenten lilies bend
As swayed by one who passes without sound ;
The grasses tremble 'neath the drops they
bear,
Are they thy tears now fallen lightly there ?

So wanly now the white moths stirring rise,
Their silver wings as frail as were thy hands,
Which at the last caressed my face, mine
eyes

'Ere thou wentst forth to seek for hidden
lands ;

Oh, art thou here, or where then mayst thou
be,

Thou seemest far and yet so close to me ?

JUNE

AH, canst thou not forget to weep
What time the silver stepping dawn
With silent feet doth softly creep
Across the lilled length of lawn ;
While day is filled with melody
Of singing wind and swelling tune,
And boomings of the brown-winged bee
Proclaim the early days of June.

THE BRIDGE

SHARPLY defined against the sulphur sky
In naked strength the bridge lies long and lean
Between opposing shores ; and always there
The crowds press forward in a long gray line
That knows no end even when daylight sleeps
And shadow forms about the haggard piers.
Stamped with the jar and fret of life they are,
Those faces passing there indefinite,
Small blurs of white against a sombre sky.
At times a waggon heaped with market bloom
Blots its clear crimsons up against the gray
That closes round it ; slow, processional,
To sound of choking horns and grumbling
wheels

The long gray line rolls on and has no end
But weariness and meagre ease of life.
And yet all day the water there beneath
Offers its peace in cool insistent tones.
Below the bridge it seems a supple shield
Against which noise may hammer and may
break,
But cannot pierce unto the cool green depths
That offer ease and sleep and rest from sound.
The long gray line rolls on continual,
And if some pausing, lean upon the rail
In weariness, with eyes turned on the calm
Of those still depths with longing and desire,
'Tis but a moment and again the crowd
Gathers them back to life from dreams of ease.

MY THOUGHTS

MY thoughts are as a flock of sheep
Upon a windy wold,
At eventide they homeward creep
To shelter from the cold ;
And when I lay me down to sleep
They rest within the fold.

SAILORS

ALWAYS when he would go for walks with me
We'd climb the little hill beyond the town,
From there he said it seemed so like the sea
To look upon the fields when winds had blown
The grasses till they fell aslant the sun.
The blossoms were, he said, as plumes of spray
That broke above the waves in noisy fun.
And often I would pause upon my way
From school and wait for him outside his door,
He always seemed so glad to come with me
And tell me of sea tales from his great store.
For I had such deep yearning for the sea,
Which in my life-time I had never seen,

Shut in by hills that rose above the town
Like walls of jade coloured so bright a green,
In winter fading to a mottled brown.
And much he talked about and loved to tell
Of ships with sails unfurled to every breeze,
Rising and falling to a languid swell,
Or beating up against the driving seas
That draped the sides with shreds of lacy foam,
With not a sign or light by which to steer,
The sun all blotted out from the gray dome.
And then on days when the bright skies were
clear
The ship, he said, sailed midway in a ball
Of crystal, whilst the sun, a giant face,
Seemed peering through a blue transparent
wall.
And there was scarcely anywhere a place

Where ships sought harbour that he had not
seen,

Islands that sudden reared upstanding tall,
Girdled in foliage of startling green.

From which the only sound, a parrot's call,
Mocked all the sailors of slow-moving ships.

And he had sailed through phosphorescent seas

Where the live silver from the rudder drips

And the white fire is blown on by the breeze

Till all the sea is as a liquid flame.

And sometimes at strange ports the ship would
lie

Where sea-going vessels very rarely came,

There bright-winged birds about the masts
would fly

While dark-skinned natives boarded her with
wares,

With curious fruits, with nuts and shells like-
wise ;

The sailors often paused from ship's repairs
To laugh and jibe at the shrill foreign cries.
So clear the waters there that they could lean
Across the rail and see six fathom down,
So still it was it seemed like a vast screen
On which were painted reeds of green and brown,
Whilst gleaming fish flashed in wide arcs of
light.

And he had sailed through other seas than these
Where icebergs rise to a tremendous height,
Gliding like drifting isles upon the seas
With colours borrowed from the rainbow's ring ;
The sailors feared them more than wind or wave,
White sirens of the seas that need not sing
To lure a ship unto a cold dark grave.

He understood the ways of winds and tides,
The terms that seamen use for ropes and sails,
To read a compass and ship's chart besides,
And how to reef a ship to meet stiff gales. . . .
Still was I but a boy the day we crept
About him as he lay all silent there,
And there were many there who quietly wept
And said his loss would be full hard to bear,
A man so kindly it was rare to know,
Scarce had he left his mother for a day
Since years long past her sight began to go.
I said, "But surely he has been away
For many voyages upon the sea?"
They stared at me and smoothed the white
sheet down
And said, "Why, we have never known him be
More than a day or so outside the town."

AUTUMN SUNSET

THE coloured sky curves over me
Like a round copper bowl,
The leafless boughs as tracery
Engraved upon the whole.

AT DUSK

I HAVE garnished my room with river reeds
And strung my singing lyre,
I have filled my vases with coloured weeds
And put on my new attire ;
Now I count the hours on my amber beads
That glow with a hidden fire.

The sun stepped into a golden sea
And the dusk crept up from the shore,
My heart is athrill with melody
And my feet are light on the floor ;
A voice from the dusk is calling me
And a hand is laid on my door.

VIERGE CONSOLATRICE

OH Mary, listen, know that yesternight
There winged to Thee across the paths of light
A spirit child ; wilt softly let him lie
In Thy blue robe all seamless to the hem,
There hidden from the silver blossomed sky
And that great sun, a yellow flower on high,
Until his eyes accustomed grow to them.

He never knew the forest hushed at noon,
Or saw the wonder of the moth-white moon,
All strange to him the widely coloured seas,
Of these then, Mary, let him quietly dream,
And hear the winds that sing among the trees,

And know the perfumes caught in every breeze,
So that familiar may the far earth seem.

Then speak to him all softly and quite low,
He stayed so little time he will not know
That 'tis Thy voice, not mine that now he hears ;
A little while to sigh and then to sleep,
While all unconscious of surrounding spheres,
Oh Mary, Mother, wilt Thou dry his tears
And watch above his quiet slumbers keep?

THE DEPARTURE

I WATCHED by thy side all through the night,
Kneeling by thy low bed,
Until the dawn's broad wings of light
Across the skies were spread ;
The lilies, tall, unbending, white,
Stood singly either side thy head.

So softly thou wert lying there,
All languid for thy rest,
Thy head low pillowed on thy hair
Which winds had oft caressed ;
And for my arms thou didst not care,
Nor my lips upon thine undraped breast.

There was no sound within the room
Nor stir beside the door,
No light did rend the folding gloom,
And yet thy soul did soar ;
And only the lilies' deep perfume
Prevailed, where thou hadst been before.

DAFFODILS

So many tapers deck the hills
With yellow flames alight,
Their fires burn brightly in the sun,
But die at fall of night.

AT THE LOOM

*"Dear Mother, I cannot weave my web. I am overcome
with longing for the boy by the doing of the delicate Aphrodite."*

I SIT in the cool blue dusk of the room
And hear the murmuring sound of the bees,
The threads lie stretched along the loom,
While the shuttle slides with rapid ease,
But my hands fall wide in the tender gloom,
For a whisper of love is abroad in the trees.

My web is white as the mist is white
That clings to the curve of the broken shore,
But the love in his eyes was a flame alight,

And I am fain of all love's sweet lore ;
He trod through my dreams in the quiet
night,
And my feet are restless upon the floor.

BEYOND THE SUBURBS

THE laden waggons pass along the roads
Rutted by wheels, and intermittent rains,
Onward into the town whose lights flare high
At dusk above the low horizon line.
The small farm-houses crouch amid the fields
Worn by the warring of the rains and winds,
That shake the hanging shutters till they flap.
Like broken wings against the whitewashed
walls.

And all day long and through the silent night
The long trains thunder past into the town,
Tearing the silences, fraying the dark
With short sharp spears of yellow darting light.

At open doorways lonely figures stand,
Pausing from toil to watch the trains go past
And hear the whistle's loud discordant scream
Waking the sleeping hollows in the hills.
For weary, ah ! so weary are they grown
Of the ungrateful fields and callous skies,
The dark drear dawns, the day's relentless
toil,
And the long winter's unremitting snows.
And every night the town's reflected lights
Seem to outshine the stars that pale and fade,
Before the glow that spreads across the skies.
The town that rears to skyward its gray walls,
The town with its wide throbbing thorough-
fares,
Brilliant with clustered lights and glad with
sound . . .

But some are worn and some have fear of
change,

And some must stay to harvest the ripe grain,
To till the fields and take from earth its store.

At open doorways lonely figures stand

And watch the trains roar past into the town.

AN IMPRESSION

THE skies are garmented with gray,
Gray mists above the sea,
The sun seeks shelter on this day
Now when thou leavest me ;
So long, so long the years,
Thine eyes are clouded gray,
Beneath thy tears.

The coloured hills are grown to gray,
And gray the wild bat's wing,
I see thy face through wreathing spray,

AN IMPRESSION

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Tender with sorrowing.
So long, so long the years,
Thine eyes are clouded gray,
Beneath thy tears.

SPRING

IF I were laid asleep
Beneath the sun-warmed ground
While heavy years would creep
Above me without sound,
It is enough for me
That I have one time seen
The lilac-burdened tree,
The daffodils' slim green :
It is enough for me
If I should pass away
That I had once loved thee
Upon a mad spring day.

REBELLION

THE earth lay wrapped in pale low hanging
mist,

As some white tomb all ready for its dead
I thought, and shudderingly forward pressed
Into that shadowed house where night still
hung

Darkly, as though it yet were loath to leave
While he lay there so still within the room.

There was a garden once where the rose trees
Were heavy with white globes of scented
bloom,

There the bright-shafted arrows of the moon
Fell down the amethystine ways of night,

And silence hung so heavy on the air
We scarcely dared to fret the night with speech.

Ah, how the scent of that rose garden now
Drifts back, and for a moment lulls my pain,
But then more poignant seems my heart's
sharp ache,

For he lies dead, silent and all alone.

How strange it is to be the first time here,
And pass by every room where he has been
Which now are empty as a disused frame.
Along these halls his feet have often trod
Unto the sound of Her voice calling him,
So careful of Her pleasure as his wont. . . .
Ah, how the shadows of these empty halls
Seem pressing on my throat to stifle me,
Until I feel I may not reach that room. . . .

I thought my heart acquainted well with grief,
But oh, I had not known there was such woe
In all the world as this, oh God as this,
To stand and look on my beloved dead.
Oh Death, I did not know thou wert so still
And so remote from all this troubled world ;
Thou takest from me what was never mine,
And yet all mine the loss, all mine to bear
The hungry emptiness of aching days.

For oh, Belovéd, though so far from thee
Yet thy love warmed me as the distant sun
Lightens a planet in a further space,
And so I was not wholly comfortless.
Now is the light gone out across the world,
Yet earth reels always purposelessly round.
Ah, I would scream aloud unto the stars

That thou art dead, what need have they to
shine,

What need have moons to drift across the skies,
Or suns to flare above a barren earth ?

Belovèd, now thou art beyond the world
And art no longer bound to cherish Her,
But now shalt love me as thy spirit wouldst.
Ah, shall repression be our single creed ?
All Thou hast made God, Thou hast fashioned
free,

But man would place a bridle on it all,
Chain the glad golden lightnings to his need,
Stem the bright rivers eager from the hills,
And burden earth with palaces of steel ;
So would he place his rule above our hearts
And stifle love with a remorseless law.

But now, Belovèd, dost thou not have grief
And know regret because of wasted years
That knew no profiting but only loss?
Surely thou seest now how vain are laws,
How greatly God in Heaven esteemeth love.
There was a garden once where the rose-trees
Were heavy with white globes of scented
bloom. . . .

Ah, dear, canst thou not hold thine arms
again

More wide for me, I am so tired with tears,
And resting even now within thine arms
I might forget a little while to weep.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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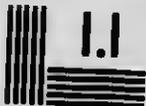
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THE CLOWN

WITH my face chalked white
And jokes I have learned from a book,
How I can make them laugh ;
But could I stand there and tell them
Just one part of what I have learned from life
God, how I could make them weep.

THE RELEASE

LANGUID thou art lulled to such depth of
sleep

Pale body where within I did abide,
Closed eyes, still hands, and lips that silence
keep,

Since I have risen casting thee aside.

Long hast thou agonised that thou must lie
All silently with thy long travail done,
Greatly it grieved thee that the flesh should
die,

Even though my eternity be won.

Still hands that giving were so oft denied,
Tired feet that trod with little ease the day,
Canst thou not resting now be satisfied,
The while thy soul goes shining on its way?

I am made strong by that which tried thee so,
By loves, and hates, and by thy grieving
fears,

I am grown strong and splendid by thy
woe,

And thou hast shrived me in thy fallen
tears.

But now like to a harassed, wind-blown leaf
Thou fallest, softly, with no stir nor sound,
For thou wert but the close enshielding sheaf
Which for an earthly space thy spirit bound.

So fully thou hast served me through the
years

That now unwitheringly I arise,
Disdainful even of the pendant spheres
That seemed eternal to thy witless eyes.

I shall endure what time the flagrant sun
Is but a crumbling handful of spent dust,
When the globed worlds their silvern course
have run
And into long oblivion are thrust.

Ah, be thou satisfied that I endure
Beyond the world that must suffice for thee,
For by thy passions thou hast made so sure
I shall arise to immortality.

COLD

THE cold,
The slow, slow cold,
That steals so stealthily through all the earth,
Chilling the metals hidden in the ground,
Lying in wait in deep green watered wells,
Or in dank ruins fringed with coarse leaved
weed.

The cold,
The slow, slow cold,
That rises to the heart of sun-dyed flowers,
And shelters in green sheathing lily leaves,
That lies in pools so deep the sun's slim gold
Can never pierce nor warm with its flecked light.

The cold,
The slow, slow cold,
That creeps up w theringly through the flesh,
Chilling the pale warm bloom, blurring the
gold,
Freezing to quiet the once eager limbs
With heavy cold, the dull white cold of death.

THE DAY'S ENDING

THE colour fades from out the daffodils,
And shadows creeping are of tender gray,
The sapphire darkens on the further hills,
I have been overlong upon the way.

Now like a crocus bloom the evening skies,
The sun hath flung its vesture to the seas,
Dream lieth heavy on my tired eyes,
I am grown weary and am fain for ease.

The sun hath given joyously its light
And now hath been enfolded in the west,
Lord, I am ready for Thy pleasant night,
Fold me in sleep, for I am fain for rest.

THE OLD HOUSE

SAFE sheltered in a lilac-breathing lane
The dust of years is gray upon its doors,
And through a broken blind a yellow stain
Of sunlight lies across untrodden floors.

Quiet and dusk, and here a shattered loom
Stands voiceless now through many silent
days,

While in a further corner soft with gloom
A cradle hides from every wanton gaze.

Full many years have drifted past recall
Since she has gone who herein did abide,

Only the heavy shadows shrouding fall
About the place where she has lived and
died.

There was broad space for dreams within the
door

Which night encurtained with its purple fold,
Till dawning breezes murmured of the lore
Of field and forest and of grassy wold.

Her simple mind was all unvexed by creeds,
Her soul was as an instrument attuned
Unto the faith that furnished all her needs,
With spirit things her spirit oft communed.

Tranquil those years which yielded joys so
slight,
Surely within her heart there was unrest,

What time the silver moon thrilled through the
night

And laid its shining fingers on her breast.

Perchance 'twas then she planted there the
rose

That bears its crimson bloom so gladly still,

Its colour warmed her days perhaps, none
knows

What dreams of her had winged across the
hill.

Unknown to her were worlds beyond the
sea,

Only familiar objects held her gaze,

Yet with all truth and in simplicity

With love and labour she made full her days.

No more her years are checkered joy and pain,
Her hands no longer work the silenced loom,
But still does memory of her remain
Amid the shadows of her quiet room.

TO A GREEK STATUE

WHITE goddess, still, and strangely beautiful,
Chiselled in marble by a mortal hand
That shaped thy brow and carved thee
equally

In all thy length and purity of limb ;
Thou art the rapt conception of a man
When in his dreaming, momentarily,
His soul came very close to the Sublime ;
Thou art the height of what a man could
dream

And seemeth perfect to untutored eyes.
Beggared I stand before thy flawlessness,
Crude clay part moulded to a mighty plan ;

But still within the spark of the Divine
Doth labour till the whole be greatly hewn
To His Design ; for He hath dreamed also
A dream, and I am but the shapeless clay
With which His Hand doth strangely fashion
it.

Grave goddess, perfect in thy purity,
If thou the dreamed conception of a man
Then to what dizzy summits may God dream ?

APRIL

IN deepest woods there is a vernal stir
While earth is quickened with the tender
 green,
Blue waters rend their crystal sepulchre,
And there is life where death like sleep hath
 been.

Bird voices haunt the golden-lighted days,
And snowdrops glimmer whitely in the grass,
While in the twilight of the hidden ways
All greenly veiled Persephone doth pass.

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE

GRAY walled and roofed my house shall be,
Stone piled on chiselled stone,
With subtly fashioned mansionry
Where one may dwell alone.

I shall not care to open wide
My closely fastened door,
I shall not see the stars outside
But dreams shall pave my floor.

Quiet my house where I shall sleep
Day and the long night too,
The perfume of wan flowers shall steep
My chamber through and through.

THE LITTLE STONE HOUSE

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And there from all the world aloof
White pillowed I shall lie,
With no unrest beneath my roof
While silent hours slip by.

FULL NOON

WIDE fields of yellow crocus are ablaze,
Unshadowed even by a cloud in flight,
Only a bird swift dipping earthward sways
A moment, dazzled by the flood of light
The while the shadow of its spreading wings
Darkens the bloom ; close to the grass-grown
ground

Each little darting insect shrilly sings,
Filling the air with steady hum of sound.
The pool lies silver rounded as a dish
And stiffly fringed about with upright trees
That cast no shade ; no stir of leaping fish
Troubles its calm ; so languid is the breeze

It scarcely stirs the silken leaves to sound.
The hot clay road that lies across the hill
Is as a crimson ribbon come unwound
Along the grass, where the bright corn-flowers
 spill
Their colour, like small patches of blue shade
To ease the ache from too great light above.
A white skirt flickers in a green hid glade
And voices falter in the noon of love . . .
And yet already in the deeper wood
The leaves are gath'ring shadows for the night,
And down the hill, bent low beneath her hood,
An old gray woman stumbles in the light.

BURIAL

COME now and let us bury love,
And let it lie,
All things shall die,
And one stupendous year of love
Had you and I.

AT NIGHT

IF thou mightst see the silver light
Low lying on the ground,
The deep, the dark, the silent night
With white moths stirring round ;
The pale rose bathing in the dew
As thick as fallen rain,
And knew the skies embroidered blue
Thou wouldst return again.

THE DEAD SOUL

WHEN they have borne me out beyond the hill
And laid me down behind that chiselled door,
I shall lie there forever wanly still,
And none that live or die shall see me more.

So frail my soul, I think it could not rise
Above the earth when I should come to rest,
But as a flame blown by a night wind dies
So should it fade what time it leaves my breast.

For all too well thou hast long cherished me,
Bringing me amber for my sun-swept hair,
Silks woven silver as a moon-drowned sea,
Corals and topaz for mine arms to bear.

Too much thou gavest, naught I was denied,
No burden in my empty arms was laid,
My small love weakened thy strong love
beside,
Earth's very fullness on my spirit weighed.

Weak was my soul, it could not learn to
grieve

For those who wept, unfeeling of their pain,
Pale hands, untoiling, eager to receive
Without a will to give to earth again.

My soul could never gain on unfledged wings
Beyond the silver fretting of the stars,
'Twill die upon the breeze that lightly springs
Before the golden gate of day unbars.

And so at length when I shall fall asleep
No shining soul shall ever rise from me,
Only long silence shall my dead soul keep
While winds shall blow my dust upon the sea.

